

has overshadowed my emotions in terms of hatred.
All of these E6S Tapes are authentic, much like Eric
and Dylan's "Basement Tapes"; hope to fucking goddess
someone eats those before I die. My parents don't seem
to have a fucking clue as to what goes on in my head.
90% of the time I'm as pale as a fucking lifeless corpse.
In the end if my mom says, "I had no idea she was
this depressed" or "why didn't I see the signs?" or
"what the fuck ever, then you should just stab yourself
in the fucking chest for being so stupid. I mean HONESTLY.
I don't go anywhere unless I have to, I don't speak to
anyone unless spoken to, I make zero friends (by choice),
I dress from head to foot in black, even my bra and
leggings are black; find those yet? What about my black
panties? HAHHA), I always look like a ghoul sucked the
joy and happiness out of my face (Ember), I can go on
and on and on, but fuck that. I want to start typing these
entries but don't want any cyber related discovery. HA, long
shot but you can't hack or trace a piece of paper. I don't
write enough physically anyways. Hell, the fucking blind
ass followers on my social media see the dark shit from
my thoughts on the Internet any way, but little do they know
it's actually real. I gotta watch though, don't want to post
too many threats; not that anyone would actually try and
arrest me for threats or cyber bullying/conspiring whatever.

That's supposed to
be free, idiots.

→ ~~SPY~~ ~~AB~~ ~~EVAN~~